Mike and Jim Teeling, twins, like as two peas, hold-up men, second story workers, pickpockets, panhandlers and all-round grooks uncommonly clever, are earnestly sought by heads of the New Jersey Reformatory at Rahway and the Middlesex county

jail at New Brunswick. In Jim neither the flesh nor the spirit hungered for reform, so he broke his parole, upon which he was released from the reformatory a month ago, and coveted an overcoat belonging to a trustful employer whom the reformatory had found for him. He took overcoat and crook's leave at the

A too intimate knowledge of the weaknesses of the Middlesex jail and the habits of Sheriff Carman have got Mike into the worst mess of his crooked life and that means a good deal if the police records of Jersey towns are to be believed. While the Sheriff was dining comfortably, a week ago, Mike sawed his way through the roof of the jail and skipped to find brother Jim.

To their natural gifts of similarity of form and face, voice and tone, little tricks of hand and foot, the twin Teelings added acquired cleverness which gave the Jersey police no end of puzzlement and werry In more than one instance when Jim was wanted for burglary or grafting it was Mike that put himself in the way of detectives, deceiving them just long enough to enable Jim to get away, Or, when Mike had turned a trick and was needed for the good of the State it was Brother Jim, exact size, face, marks, scars, complexion and all, that let himself be taken and held without a word of protest until he was sure Brother

Mike was away clear. In such places across the river as crooks foregather this amusing trick of the twin Teelings was a staple for jibes and jokes at the Jersey police. The cops know it and all in all they didn't have much love for the Brothers Teeling. But the very things that made for the safety of the crooked twins are pretty certain to be the cause of their permanent undoing. The old game has been worked out.

Largely through the efforts of Edward H. Swartz, assistant superintendent of the New Jersey Reformatory at Rahway, the police in every town for a hundred miles around have got even the eyelashes of the twins numbered. They know Mike to his every wrinkle and Jim to the thickness of his thumbnail. Like as they are every significant point of difference has been marked, measured, compared and tabbed. If Jim is wanted and Mike is caught, Mike will suffer for his own sins but the hunt for Jim won't slacken any.

Jim won't slacken any.

The twin Teelings are 24 years old and claim Elizabeth N. J. as their home. Mike is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 13; pounds, has dark brown hair, blue eyes and a sandy complexion. That is Jim exactly. Mike is covered with tattoo marks from head to foot, and for every design Mike wears. Tim has its like. On the breast of each, worked by some tattooist of a scriptural turn of mind, is a biblical scene with clouds and lightning over all. Jim Teeling once said that when he let himself be tattooed with that picture he made the mistake of his life.

"No good can come out of a crock mixin' up with Bible things," he told the warden at Rahway.

On his breast each wears an anchor and shield and an eagle and shield. The American flag is on Jim's back and on Mike's in precisely the same relative position. Their legs and lower arms are covered with arrowheads, clasped hands, crosses, hearts, stars and wonderful snakes and dragons. Even exact Bertillon measurements failed to differentiate in the smallest degree the tattoe marks of each in size, coloring and placing. That was part of the clever game.

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the clever game.

But their fake scars were their keenest
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the clever game.

But their fake scars were their keenest stroke. Each has four made with acid in the beggar's way for a beggar's profit, but for the bamboozling of the police also. On the back of the left arm of each are two of these false scars, each scar an inch and a half long and oval in shape, a dull, angry red in color. Each has two of the same on his right ankle. It took the police several years to find out where the difference lay, and it was Superintendent and Bertillon Expert Schwartz whose sharp eye spotted that difference.

Jim first manufactured his scars before having a tattoo mark placed over them. Mike was tattooed before touching himself up with acid. Save for this difference, and the fact that the corner of Jim's right eye is shaped differently from Mike's and that the lobes of Mike's ears are fuller and larger than Jim's, the twin Teelings are exactly alike.

These trivial differences, which will probably put an end to the professional labors of the twins, were discovered about three weeks ago. Jim had broken his parole and was wanted by the reformatory authorities. The police of Elizabeth arrested a man on the street that was Jim they were positive. They sent for Expert Schwartz to come over from the Rahway reformatory. Schwartz came and at first was puzzled. But he had Jim's measurements with him and while his and those of the man arrested were singularly alike, yet the difference of the corner of the eye and the lobes of the ears struck him at once. It was only a difference of the timiest fraction of an inch, but it was as much for an expert as an inch would have been.

ears struck him at once. It was only a difference of the tiniest fraction of an inch, but it was as much for an expert as an inch would have been.

Schwartz went over the prisoner and then discovered that he had been tattooed over his false scars, whereas Jim had faked scars over his tattoo marks. That settled it for Schwartz, and although the prisoner insisted he was Jim, and the police were disposed to accept his statement, Schwartz would have none of him.

But the reformatory man happened to remember that Mike Teeling had broken out of the Middleex county jail at New Brunswick eighteen months ago and had never been caught. He sent the prisoner to Sheriff Carman, who received him joyfully. The Sheriff's joy didn't last long. Mike knew the jail too well. Last Friday night while the Sheriff was eating dinner Mike sawed his way out once more.

"In all my experience with crooks," said Mr. Schwartz yesterday, "I never ran across such a singular case of likeness between two men. Twins are usually close in resemblance, but these fellows beat anything I ever saw. Except for the variation in eye and ear and the scars and tattooing there is not an lota of difference. It's impossible for two men to be absolutely alike, but those fellows come as near it as anything you could imagine.

"They have delayed and escaped punishment in a number of instances because they took advantage of this similarity and supplemented it by tattooing, making false scars and practising the same tricks of gesture and expression. Both would have made very clever actors.

"It must have required a lot of patience and time for them to get themselves tattooed in precisely the same way. They have a lot of affection for each other and they have taken long chances to help the other out. In fact that has been their game all through, But I believe I have put an end to that. I am confident that both will be caught soon, and when they do get out of prison further mystification of the police will be impossible."

Juror Kills Himself in a Court House.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 20 .- William F. Ploettner, 48 years old, a well-to-do citizen of Lymansville, who was in attendance upon the Providence County Court as a juryman, shot himself in the head with a revolver at the court house this forenoon, and died almost immediately. Despondency, due to nervousness and ill health, was generally assigned as the casue. LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Few persons have any idea of the rigorous extreme to which surgeons carry the antiseptio idea nowadays. Here is an illustration:

At an operation in one of the city hos pitals a few days ago one of the assistants discovered that something was needed from outside after he had disinfected his hands. He stood on one foot and pushed the electric button with the toe of his other shoe rather than take the risk of picking up bacteria by touching it with his finger.

A man well advanced in years is almost a daily visitor to Central Park. He is genaccompanied by a young woman. Some of the Park employees who observed the two thought they were father and daugh-

After a while it was noticed that a different young woman appeared with the man about every two weeks. It was not possible that any man could have so many daughters. A person of an inquisitive turn of mind constituted himself an investigator. This is what he learned.

The old man is a person of means and he pays 50 cents an hour for the society of any young woman of education who is willing to accompany him and entertain him on his rambles through the Park with bright conversation on any topic, but love. As they pass about six hours a day in the Park the

pass about six hours a day in the Park the girl earns \$3 a day just by talking. The different objects in the Park evidently supply the themes of discourse.

Why the man changes his escort every two weeks remains a mystery. Perhaps a young woman talks herself out in that time. Maybe he thinks it best to take no changes.

"Partridge shooting in the Adirondacks has not been so good in many years as it is this season, " said a sportsman just back from the woods. "Flocks of from four to a dozen birds are to be met in almost every swamp near the settled parts of the moun

Few are put up in the big timber. "Early in the season the partridges fee on late blueberries along the edges of the

on late blueberries along the edges of the swamps and on the hillsides. When the frost opened the beechnut burrs the birds took to the hardwood thickets. They were frequently seen in the roads by persons in passing carriages and on the approach of the vehicle would simply run to one side and hide in the brake.

"There has been very little partridge shooting around Saranac Junction in the last two years. The birds had seemed almost exterminated. The natives say the abundance of the partridge seems like the early days of the North Woods. The great increase is supposed to be due to the law passed two years ago prohibiting the killing of the bird for market."

"Maintain a pleasant expression while you are getting shaved," remarked the barber, who had caught the custome scowling under the coating of lather. "I keeps the skin relaxed and makes it easier to shave a tough and stubbly growth. If the razor pulls, say so at once, do not get angry and wrinkle the skin by frown-ing. Under the razor, just as before the camera, to get the best results the customer must look pleasant."

New Yorkers justly pride themselves on the completeness of their telephone and telegraph service in these days. All the same there was a very efficient means of communication between the early Dutch settlers before the year 1700. It might be America, though there was no electricity about it and the poles were common Dutch

windmills.

The windmill appeared in America almost as soon as the Dutch set foot on Manhattan Island. In a few years there was such a mill on every bit of rising ground in the island. When the windmills were not running their owners used them to signal with. They worked out a regular code of signals, bits of which codes tradition has handed down.

When the sails were set square, with

tion has handed down.

When the sails were set square, with one arm pointing to the earth and one to the sky, it meant a hostile invasion. The same signal with the upper half of the mill door open heralded a peaceful arrival. And so on through a great variety. The signals could be read a long way off, and by being repeated on each mill a message could be sent throughout the island in a very short time.

wear rings more than most men?" asked the observant citizen. "Well, they do, and the rings they wear are for the most part valuable ones, usually with diamonds for the stones. I don't know why this is unless it is that jewellers are glad to sell rings to members of the for ce on credit, feeling

members of the for ce on credit, feeling sure of their money, and give easy terms on that account.

"But the rings are a fact. Look for yourself. The ring wearing habit has become the greatest fad there ever was in the force. Plain patrolmen often wear rings worth \$200 or \$300. Sergeants own rings worth twice as much."

In defence of their jewelry the policemen say that it is really an investment. Diamonds are constantly advancing in value, so they can always get the worth of a ring if they choose to sell it.

For the next week or two the foliage at Inwood, at the extreme northern end of Manhattan Island, will be as glorious as can be found in any mountain region. The Inwood Valley is thickly wooded and in spots is almost wild. In the deepest part

of the valley are the remains of the caves

around which the Indian village of Nipinisioken was situated. It is on Inwood Heights, the rounded hill that rises 220 feet from the water and is plainly seen from the New York Central tracks at Spuyten Duyvil, that the splendors of the foliage are greatest. The summit of the hill is covered with a fine stretch mit of the hill is covered with a fine stretch of woodland in exactly the same state as it was two centuries ago. Even on Sunday afternoons very few people climb the hill. Besides the leaves of the chustnutulip, oak and other trees, which have turned many colors, there is a wealth of burning red sumac. Late in the afternoon, when the sun is setting over the Palisades and the Hall of Fame across the Harlem valley is partly hidden by the autumn mist, it is worth a trip from downtown to spend half an hour among the Inwood trees.

"A horse knows the water troughs along its route as well as a toper does the saloons," observed a Speedway driver. "As the horse draws near to a trough it will cock its ears and assume an expectant air, in readiness for the tug of the reins to denote that there for the tug of the reins to denote that there is a drink coming. This signal received from the driver, the horse advances with a nimble step to within the proper distance of the trough, then halts quickly and stands at ease until the driver loosens the check rein and it is at liberty to thrust its mouth into the water.

"A horse that is free from the check rein will put its nozzle at once into the water, but one that is checked is too intelligent o try to do this."

NEW DIVORCE CANON ADOPTED

HOUSE OF DEPUTIES PASSES A LIBERAL MEASURE.

House of Bishops of the Episcopal Convention Likely to Concur—Canon Permits the Remarriage of Innocent Divorced Persons Under Certain Conditions.

BOSTON, Oct. 20.-By an overwhelming majority the compromise report of the com-mittee on canons in relation to the question of marriage and divorce was adopted by the House of Deputies of the Episcopal General Convention to-day. If the House of Bishops concur, which is more than probable, the question will be settled for at least three years.

The new canon is far less rigorous than that adopted by the House of Bishops, which was turned down by the House of Deputies, in that it provides for the remarriage of the innocent party in a divorce for the cause of adultery, just as the present canon does. It adds to the present canon, however, clauses stipulating that at least one year must elapse before marriage is asked for, that satisfactory proof of innocence in the shape of court records must be submitted, and that after the Bishop has granted permission to perform the ceremony the minister may refuse to perform it without subjecting himself to any censure

There are several other minor amend ments to the present canon having reference to the administration of the sacraments, the presence of witnesses and the

recording of the marriage.

The Rev. George M. Flake of Providence the dissenting member of the committee, supported the "rigid" canon. When Dr. Fiske said that the house already had morally adopted the canon, there were cries of "No!" "No!" from the floor. Dr. McKim therefore took occasion to remind Dr. Fiske, who said he never had married a divorced person in his life, that Dr. Fiske had no right to imply that the house was morally in favor of the change, and the Rhode Island deputy withdrew the

John Y. Hicks of Arkansas criticised the new canon on the ground that it came very near to the dispensation issued by the Roman Catholic Church, to which he said it was a first cousin. To this statement there were murmurs of disapproval from all over the house. He thought the conof the canon came dangerously near the line, however.

RARE OLD BOOK AUCTIONED.

Othello, Moor of Venice," by Charles Lamb-A Complete Copy Brings \$580.

"Othello, Moor of Venice," the only known complete copy of the first issue of Charles Lamb's juvenile tale, was sold at auction by the Anderson Company, at 5 West Twenty-ninth artest yesterday afternoon, and was knocked down to George D. Smith for \$530. This story, combined with others, was reprinted to form the "Tales from Shakespeare," written by Lamb and his sister Mary.

It is said that only one other copy of this same issue is known. It is in the possession of an English collector but lacks the covers and has a defective lacks the covers and has a defective title. The copy sold yesterday is in good condition, considering that it was published nearly a century ago. Its only defects are a little wear on the wrappers and the name of a contemporary owner on the back of the frontispice.

Among the oties items sold yesterday was "The Gentle Boy: a Thrice-Told Tale," by Miss Peabody, arterward Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, oblong quarto., original wrapby Miss Peabody, afterward and Hawthorne, oblong quarto., original wrappers, a few margins mended, Boston, 1839. It brought \$40.

Miss Lent a Suicide After Her Father's Funeral.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20 .- Miss Frances Lent, a well known society woman, prominent in charitable work, committed suicide asphyxiation last night after returning from the funeral of her father, William M.
Lent, a wealthy mining man. Miss Lent
had been in poor health since her mother's
death, a year ago, and the strain of her
father's illness weakened her mind.

Holly-Morgan.

Miss Charlotte Chapin Morgan was married to Henry Hobart Holly yesterday after-noon in St. Thomas's Church, by the Rev.

noon in St. Thomas's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Ernest Stires, the rector. The bride was given away by her father, William Mosely Morgan. She wore a gown of rich white silk, trimmed with duchesse lace, which was her mother's bridal costume, and a voluminous tulle veil, caught with a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

Miss E. Louise Morgan, the bride's sister, was her maid of honor. She was in pink silk mull and wore a white lace hat with pink roses. She carried a bunch of white chrysanthemums. The Misses Amy Dexter Blake and Susan Myers, the bridesmaids, were in white silk. Charlotte Morgan Turck, a micce of the bride, was a flower maiden in white lace, carrying a basket of blossoms.

William Ryerson was the best man, and W. Millerd Morgan, Howard Daiy, Arthur J. Ladd of New London, Conn., and Dr. Joseph H. Pratt of Boston were ushers. The bride's parents gave a reception after the ceremony at their home, 158 West Beventy-ninth street.

Duryea-Mairs.

NYACE, Oct. 20.—Miss Ella Louise Mairs, daughter of William H. Mairs of Brooklyn, daughter of William H. Mairs of Brooklyn, whose summer home is in Nyack, and Walter Bartow Duryea of Nyack were married this afternoon in Grace Episcopal Church. The Rev. Franklin Babbitt, rector of the church, performed the ceremony. The bride's gom was of white chiffon trimmed with point appliqué lace. She wore a tulle veil, caught up with a diamond crescent, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried lilles of the valley and orchids. There were no bridesmaids or maid of honor. George A. Adam of New York city was best man. There were 800 invitations to the wedding and a large number of guests were present from New York and Brooklyn. A reception was held at 4 o'clock at the bride's home on Highland avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Duryea left this evening on a honeymoon trip. Upon their return they will live in Brooklyn.

Wheatley-Armstrong. KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 20 .- Mrs. Stella B. Armstrong and William Wheatley of Washington, D. C., were married at 3 o'clock this afternoon in Grace Episcopal Church by the Rev. M. H. Tomlins of Chicago. Mr. Wheatley is a member of the Metropolitan Club of Washington. His bride was the widow of Dr. Armstrong of the army, who died in the Philippines. Until recently Mrs. Armstrong held a place in the War Department.

TO-DAY

and every day until further notice, a cup of My Perfection Blend of Coffee Will be served FREE at my Permanent Food Exposition, 41 and 43 Vesey St. Call and try it. L. J. CALLANAN.

PUBLICATIONS.

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PUBLICATIONS.

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By H. C. WELLS

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wound is not serious. No arrests have

Freight Train Burned in a Snowshed.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20 .- A wreck oc-

curred on the Central Pacific Railway near

Cisco in the Sierra Nevada Mountains early

this morning. A westbound passenger

train ran into a freight in the snowshed and set fire to the two trains. The pas-senger cars were saved but the freight

train and 2,000 feet of the snowsheds were

burned. Supt. R. J. Laws of the Sacramento

division of the Southern Pacific, who was on the train, dropped dead while giving orders for clearing the wreck.

TEREST."

THE LAST HOPE

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"Difficult to find anywhere in recent fiction a novel that is so vivid and graphic a picture of life."—Brooklyn Eagle.

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"Might be called the author's masterpiece."—N. Y. Evening Sun

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12mo, 375 pages, \$1.50 FIFTH LABGE PRINTING

-London Daily Mail.

NEW YORK

\$10,000 Damages for Personal Injuries.

A jury in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn,

yesterday awarded Miss Louisa Schlotterer

Brooklyn and New York Ferry Company

for personal injuries. Four years ago she

was severely injured in a collision between

two of the company's ferryboats and has since suffered from epileptic fits. This is the fourth trial of the case.

PUBLICATIONS

FOUR ROADS

Thus far-and this is unusual -every single review has been

NEW YORK

not only good, but almost feverishly enthusiastic.

The Truants

"What will he do with it?" is the question that asks itself, as one reads fhis stirring story by A. E. W. Mason, author of "The Four Feathers." It tells of a man who must either give up his military honor, or sacritice his wife's good name.

PUBLICATIONS.

Harpers Book News

Most of you who read this

have never heard the name of

Katherine Cecil Thurston. But

the name is going to become well

known-very well known. Why?

Because she is a born story teller,

and there is no way of keeping

that kind of thing quiet. Good

novels, very good novels get

printed and go their way, but a

good story-that is another mat-

ter. And it is the story of a

strong man, a strong woman who

dared to live their own lives.

The book has been out only

A new big edition has gone to press. It is already being made into a play in Englan d

The publishers rather ex-

pected wide interest in the book,

but not quite so sudden an

attack upon the supply.

and into a different play in America.

Requests have been received for translation into French and German.

eight days and already!

Masquerader

The

The Givers

The story about inappropriate Christmas gifts, like the other New England tales in this volume by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, is treated with all the charm which made this author famous on two continents.

Jess & Co

le a touching and amusing story shout plain people—Scotch, of course—by J. J. Bell, the creator of "Wee Macgreegor."

The general verdict is that Mr. Bell has outdone his previous successes.

The Son of Royal Langbrith

Is recognized, not as one of Mr. How-ell's strongest works of fiction, but as the strongest. It has a plot that grips one. The story must be read at a sitting. One can not put it down.

Among the hundred letters from ministers praising Irving Bachelier's new book, Rev. E. M. Parrott, rector of Trinverdict for \$10,000 in her suit against the ity, Rochester, writes: "It has do more good than I ever hope my sermons will do others. It has vivified the change love brings in as nothing else can."

> Harper & Brothers. Franklin Square - New York

board a car for the Shingle House glass plant at midnight. Babcock was the only man armed, and he used his gun, the shot taking effect in Manning's neck. The

By HENRY SETON

By NELSON LLOYD

NON-UNION MEN ASSAULTED.

One of Them Had a Gun and He Shot One

OLEAN, N. Y., Oct. 20.-In a clash between

on-union and union glass workers in the

little village of Ceres, ten miles from this

city, last night, Fred Manning, a union

workingman, was shot by Wesley Babcock,

a non-union man. Five union men met four

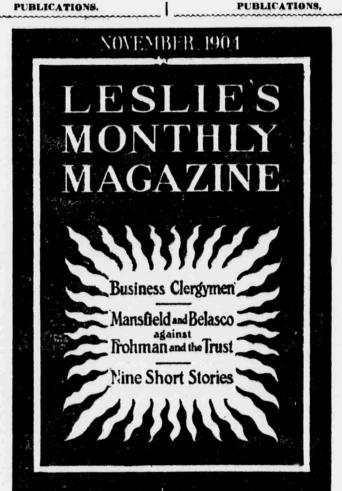
non-union men, Wesley Babcock, Albert

Holding, Paul Maron and Edward Williams,

and assaulted them as they were about to

Illustrated by A. B. FROST

PUBLICATIONS.



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Du Barry, Josephine, Marie Antoinette, Madame Pompadour,
Louis XIV., XV., XVI., and their
contemporaries, comprise the
back stairs-and-kitchen gossip
side of French Court History,
And where so much was set afoot
with secret design, and so Bittle
was done aboveboard; where
boudoir councils dictated treatles and appointed ambassadors;
where statecraft was practised
and lawa were made in private
dining rooms, it is impossible to
comprehend the curious events
of that period without knowing
the intimate details of these
woman) was the key to the understanding the relations between governments and the rise and fall of ministers of State and Church.
The Bastile opened so easily and closed so tightly



isters of State and Church.

The Bastile opened so easily and closed so tightly that the penning of personal memoirs which laid bare the secrets of the most scandalous and proflicate regime in the history of the world was a very serious matter, still some of the most influential courtiers and favorites have told the real facts about their own lives and those of their fellows with a frankness and abandon that have never been matched. Madame Fompadour's favorite phrase, "After me the deluge," expresses the devil-may-care attitude of the time.

Some of these memoirs were secretly hidden un-

Some of these memoirs were secretly hidden undiafter their authors died, others were confiscated
by the police and burned by the common hangman
in Paris. Under the editorship of Dr. Leon Vallee, Librarian at the National Library
of France, the twenty volumes
of these memoirs have been
gathered, translated and illustrated.

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